That ſtill records within one, or when
She would with rich and conſtant pen,
Vaile to her Miſtreſſe *Dian* ſtill,
This *Phyloten* contends in skill
With abſolute *Marina:* ſo
The Doue of *Paphos* might with the crow
Vie feathers white, *Marina* gets
All praiſes, which are paide as debts,
And not as giuen, this ſo darkes
In *Phyloten* all gracefull markes,
That *Cleons* wife with enuy rare,
A preſent murderer does prepare
For good *Marina*, that her daughter
Might ſtand peereleſſe by this ſlaughter.
The ſooner her vile thoughts to ſtead,
Lychorida our Nurſe is dead,
And curſed *Dionizia* hath
The pregnant inſtrument of wrath.
Preſt for this blow, the vnborne euent,
I do commend to your content,
Only I carried winged Time,
Poſte on the lame feete of my rime,
Which neuer could I ſo conuay,
Vnleſſe your thoughts went on my way.
Dionizia doth appeare,
With *Leonine* a murderer. *Exit.*

Enter Dionizia and Leonine.

Dion. Thy oath remember, thou haſt ſworne to do it, tis but a blow, which neuer ſhall be knowne, thou canſt not do a thing in the world ſo ſoone, to yeeld thee ſo much profite, let not conſcience which is but cold, inflaming thy loue boſome, enflame too nicely; nor let pitty, which euen women haue caſt off, melt thee, but be a ſoldiour to thy purpoſe.

Leon. I will doo't, but yet ſhe is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the Gods ſhould haue her, Heere ſhe comes weeping for her onely Miſtreſſe death,

Thou

Thou art reſolu'd?

Leon. I am reſolu'd.

Enter Marina with a basket of Flowers.

Mar. No: I will robbe *Tellus* of her weede, to
greene with Flowers: the yellowes, blewes, the pur
lets and Marigolds, ſhall as a Carpet hang vppon th
while Summer dayes doth laſt. Aye me poore maid
in a tempeſt, when my mother dyde: this world to m
a laſting ſtorme, hurrying me from my friends.

Dion. How now *Marina?* why de'ye weepe alone?
How chance my daughter is not with you?
Doe not conſume your blood with ſorrowing,
You haue a nurſe of me. Lord how your fauour's
Chang'd, with this vnprofitable woe:
Come giue me your flowers, ere the ſea marre it,
Walke with *Leonine*, the ayre is quicke there,
And it pierces and ſharpens the ſtomacke;
Come *Leonine* take her by the arme, walke with her.

Mar. No I pray you, Ile not bereaue you of your ſer

Dion. Come, come, I loue the King your father, a
ſelfe, with more then forraine heart; we euery day exp
heere, when he ſhall come and finde our Paragon, to all
thus blaſted. He will repent the breadth of his great V
blame both my Lord and mee, that wee haue taken no
your beſt courſes. Go I pray you, walke and be chearfu
againe; reſerue that excellent complexion, which dic
the eyes of yong and old,
Care not for me, I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go, but yet I haue no deſire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you:
Walke halfe an houre *Leonine*, at the leaſt.
Remember what I haue ſaide.

Leon. I warrant you Madam.

Dion. Ile leaue you my ſweet Lady, for a while: pray
ſoftly, doe not heate your blood; What, I muſt haue a
you.